**Campus Goes on Witch Hunt**

**After Commons Thief Steals Cider Mill**

Commons out of pitchforks
By Ms. Salato ’18

**Razing the Stakes Dept.**

UNDERNEATH A BURNING EFFIGY Hamilton students, faculty, and those last few alumni still staggering drunkenly around campus have all been on a collective manhunt since last Tuesday for the Commons Cat Burglar. Already infamous for pilfering utensils and leaving feline calling cards, the Burglar has crossed the line for many with his latest heist: stealing the Clinton Cider Mill. Students and tech-savvy local authorities were notified of the caper when an anonymous YikYak user posted a picture of the crime scene captioned with a string of cat emojis.

“Of course it was the Cat Burglar. The evidence is unquestionable,” Oneida County Police Chief Martin Scanlon said. “The building’s foundation was completely filled with cat litter. And I saw a black cat run into the KJ Auditorium by lighting some incense." (HIDING FROM ZOMBIES IN ROGERS) Amidst reports of students pushing suspects into the Kennedy Arts Center pond to test their disdain for water, local police seem unconcerned about the possible threat to student safety. “I, mean, it sounds a bit dangerous,” Scanlon said, drinking coffee from a paper cup. “But without a supply of donuts, we really don’t have the resources to intervene.”

Meanwhile, the Honor Court has elected officials to a temporary tribunal, which plans to try suspects by tossing them from the top of the Chapel and convicting anyone who lands on their feet.

**HC Democrats and HC Republicans Debate HvZ Nerf Gun Control Laws**

Campus too busy pwning n00bs to care
By Ms. Suder ’18

(HIDING FROM ZOMBIES IN ROGERS) Amidst the widespread chaos of zombie-induced warfare that has been ravaging our campus for the past week, the politically inclined student organization, Hamilton College Democrats and Republicans, have taken the opportunity to host a strongly worded debate.

“I know that people have been freaking out over the flesh-eating, undead monsters that have overrun the sewage system," HC Democrats club president Efiy Weaver ’16 said. "But we hope that we can still inspire the sewage system,” HC Republicans club president Gordon Platts ’16 followed up. “How else can the virtuous, God-anointed human beings of the Hamilton campus defend them themselves against the hellbeasts trying to infringe on our human beings of the Hamilton campus defend them? And the hero in hand and cause nationwide tragedy with—wait a second.”

The debate’s moderator, Comparative Literature Professor Josie Herring, couldn’t make it to the debate because she was caught in an unexpected nerf dart shootout that ended in massive (human) casualty and inconvenienced the lives of exactly six students waiting in line at the diner.

**In this issue:**

- **Zella Day to Bring Music and Rap(ture) with Special Guest**
  See “Annex consumed by lake of fire,” pg. Revelations 16:2

- **Puppy Prophet’s Hard Truth of the Week**
  Your last good idea may have been your last good idea.
  And you didn’t write it down.

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**Fall Break Forecast**

- **Wednesday**
  The ride

- **Thursday**
  High probability parent overload

- **Friday**
  Empty nest syndrome, laid egg

- **Saturday**
  The rents

- **Sunday**
  The return

“Sure, backroads add two hours, but it just feels shorter.”

80% chance we already have snow, suckers.
I am saying. rolling. It's the best way to hit on girls, if you know what... moans before they get in the way of where my wheels are man. I can't keep them off of me. Every time I'm boarding so radical. Skateboards totally bring in all the chicks too Zebra Grind Backflip to the side and be like woah, I'm adrenaline. And then you're like woah I've gotta get out stoked when this happens, bro. It's total hardcore vibes of to all those lame-OS in the cars. And it's such a rush when you're in the middle of the crosswalk and show off your moves soooo much fun too man. You can do, like, sick kickflips your sick custom-made Dora the Explorer deck. They're and get places really fast while carving across campus on to get around. You can like, feel the breeze in your face Duuuude, skateboards are, like, totally the best way

I want you to ask yourself one question: have you ever been to a Conspiracy Club meeting? I didn't think so. Do you know anyone who has? No? That's right. Of course not. But I'll bet you never even thought about it, just like you didn't notice I asked two questions when I said it would be one.

Anyway, the reason I'm asking is because last week, I went to a Conspiracy Club meeting—or at least I tried to. I showed up to RJ 150 right on time, only to find that there was nobody there. No lizard people hiding under the chairs, no Bigfoot behind the door. It was like a ghost town, but just one room. A ghost room, if you will. Afterdonningajackemustacheandcrowlingventstit sneak into the central data banks (underneath Buttrick), I found a small computer labeled “CC”. You know what has the initials CC? Cold cuts. So I investigated the sandwich section of McEwen, and found a piece of paper under the counter with a phone number on it. I had my elite hacker friend Wayne call it for me, and it was a recording of someone reading the Conspiracy Club email aloud! I didn't realize what this meant until I called it the fourth time, and then it hit me: I was talking to a machine. Doing the only logical thing, I listened to the recording backwards and found that it sounded like gibberish. Which is exactly how robots communicate. Or so I assume. I came to the obvious conclusion: clearly, there is no Conspiracy Club. It’s just a cleverly maintained bot that sends weekly emails. Its purpose is a mystery, but clearly sinister. I believe it is a method for robots to communicate with each other, possibly to plot humanity’s downfall. Perhaps it exists to sow the seeds of dissent amidst our student body. Maybe it’s an old comp-sci project that nobody turned off. Or maybe it’s just there to further clog my inbox. Whatever the explanation, you can be sure that I’m dedicated to finding the truth behind this Conspiracy Club conspiracy.

Anonymous mass email received by Mr. Letai '19

FACE OFF: HARMLESS SKATEBOARDS VS. WHEELED HUMAN PROJECTILE OF TERROR

Skateboards are totally radical, man

Anthony Rapoto '18

Dauntzusa, skateboards are, like, totally the best way to get around. You can like, feel the breeze in your face and get places really fast while carving across campus on your sick custom-made Dora the Explorer deck. They’re sooo much fun too man. You can do, like, sick kickflips in the middle of the crosswalk and show off your moves to all those lame-OS in the cars. And it’s such a rush when you get, like, inches away from a person. Imma get mad stoked when this happens, bro. It’s total hardcore vibes of adrenaline. And then you’re like woh I’ve gotta get out of the way, so you do like a KJ Rolling Half Heart Attack Zebra Grind Backflip to the side and be like woh, I’m so radical. Skateboards totally bring in all the chicks too man. I can’t keep them off of me. Every time I’m boarding across the bridge on Martinis Way the chicks look back at me with these hot expressions and gorgeous screaming moans before they get in the way of where my wheels are rolling. It’s the best way to hit on girls, if you know what I am saying.

Skateboards are high velocity, human-shaped bullets

James Schults ’19

Okay, seriously, what is up with these adrenaline monkeys thinking they own the place? Every goddamn day, I’m getting run over by these four-wheeled flying fuckwads on the bridge. I just want these fucking ass-holes on their skateboards to stop running into everyone. Last week, I was walking through the crosswalk, trying to be quick about it when this guy runs through, and slaps me in the face with his skateboard, shouting “High Score.” How the hell am I supposed to get up from Opus to Benedict without my Caramel Double-shot espresso, extra whipped cream, soy milk macchiato being spilled all over my brand-new Bean Boots. And one time, one of them literally got his wheels tangled in my man-bun. I had to cut off the tiny, one inch tail tangled around his neon pink Hello Kitty wheels. Those death traps you think are so fun are ruining everything. So please, have some GODDAMN CONSIDERATION FOR THE REST OF US WE LIVE HERE TOO.